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Aveglade



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Chapter 1 by JM

Deep within the Thousand Year Woods stood a small hut made from branches and ferns and a special kind of mud that only grew here, where magic was so prevalent that the soil absorbed it like rain. The hut was owned by the Thousand Year Man, who was neither older nor younger than the forest; rather, they came into existence at precisely the same moment, from precisely the same parent, whose purpose in creating that forest and that man was never precisely known.

There are rumours, of course. Each town bordering the forest has sculpted its own mythology about the forest and its man.

Chapter 2 by -



The hut was come across when a hunter of the woods stumbled upon a path that led to the Thousand Year River, and that path led right back to the small hut of the Thousand Year Man. The hunter didn't know what this hut held, so he broke into it, in a desperate search for food and supplies. But what he found here was too bad to be true. The Thousand Year Man, who is never supposed to die, is sitting in his chair by his fire, not breathing nor moving. The hunter

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The story went a little like this:

Once upon a time, the human race was just in its infancy. Just as the Creator gave life to the animals before, they made humans in their likeness, from the ashes of a phoenix and their very own blood. Stirring these together, the Creator noticed something was missing. Although from the ashes of blood a clay could be used to shape the first human, when the Creator stood and examined his work, the human did not breathe nor move.

There was something more it needed. Something to weave the very thrum of life into their creation: A heart.

Each and every living being had its own heart. It was its constant beat which animated the clay figures the Creator molded with their own two hands. Yet the humans were special. It seemed that merely crafting theirs was not enough.

Thus, the Creator left their work behind, walking down the many flights of stairs to the very beginning of time. At the bottom stood the geared mechanism that began it all. Each tick of the machine was another century in the universe— it was what caused the big bang and what drove Time forever forward.

The Creator carefully removed a small gear— the smallest, shiniest gear —and climbed back up the many stairs back to their work, where their embedded the piece into the first human heart.

It was said that this first heart belonged to the Thousand Year Man. Or, at least, it was the most proliferated story among the villages and taverns. It was also said that this prototype for all human hearts could grant immortality— after all, the Thousand Year Man was not named so for no reason.

The hunter could see why the Dark Doberman of legend sought such a relic. But there was more. Talk amongst the villagers alerted the hunter to strange occurrences happening around the Thousand Year Forest. Birds dropped out of the sky, dead. Fish floated lifelessly

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The Thousand Year Man

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The hunter asked one villager over a late lunch where he might find this Dark Doberman. She pointed west, towards the mountains.

"Legend says the doberman serves a dark master, deep in the underground tunnels of the Aveglades. No one dare goes; corpses hang in the trees outside the entrance."

He thanked the girl, standing up to stretch his limbs. He figured he could use a challenge.

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